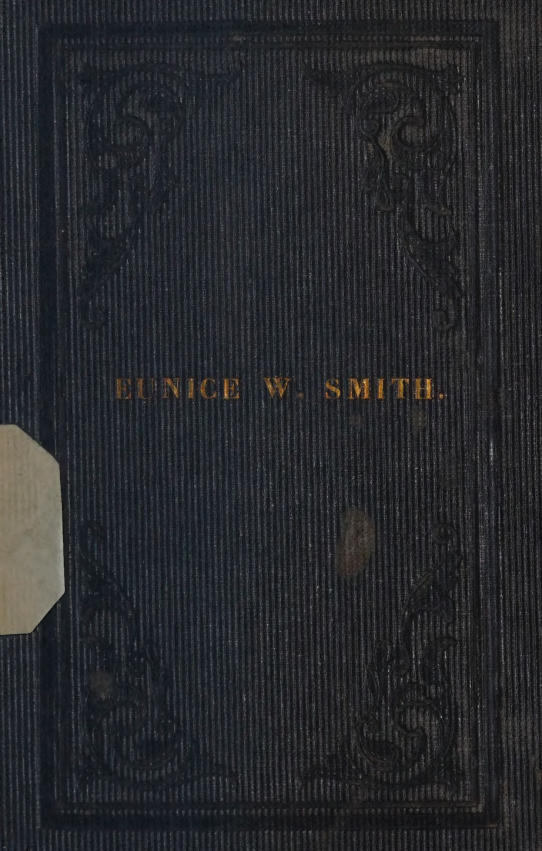




EUNICE W. SMITH.

ESSEX INSTITUTE.

PRESENTED BY

E-S493-1840

The Library Committee shall divide the books and other articles belonging to the Library into three classes, namely: (a) those which are not to be removed from the building; (b) those which may be taken only by written permission of three members of the committee; (c) those which may circulate under the following rules:—

Members shall be entitled to take from the Library two folio or quarto volumes, or four volumes of lesser fold, with the plates belonging to the same, upon having them recorded by the Librarian, or Assistant Librarian, and promising to make good any damage they sustain, while in their possession, and to replace the same if lost, or pay a sum fixed by the Library Committee.

No person shall lend any book belonging to the Institute, excepting to a member, under a penalty of one dollar for each offence.

The Library Committee may allow members to take more than the allotted number of books upon a written application, and may also permit other persons than members to use the Library under such conditions as they may impose.

No person shall detain any book longer than four weeks from the Library, if notified that the same is wanted by another member, under a penalty of five cents per day, and no volume shall be detained longer than three months at one time under the same penalty.

The Librarian shall have power by order of the Library Committee to call in any volume after it has been retained by a member for ten days.

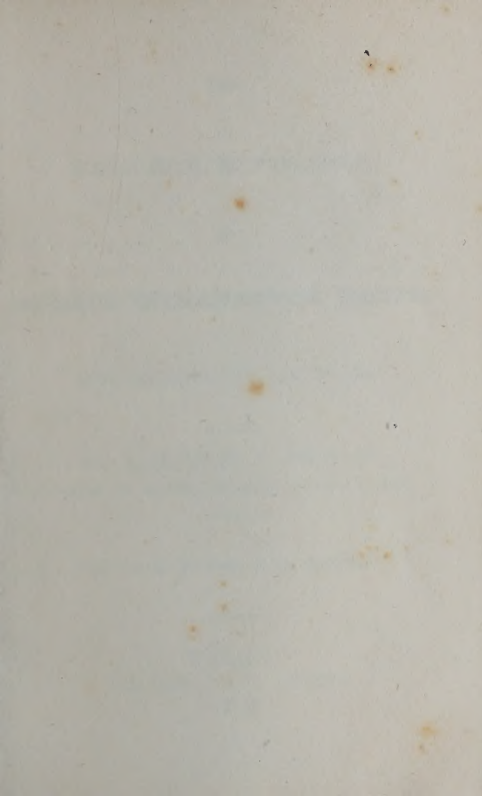
On or before the first Wednesday in May, all books shall be returned to the Library, and a penalty of five cents per day shall be imposed for each volume detained.

No book shall be allowed to circulate until one month after its receipt.

F. S. M.

March 27,

1865



THE HISTORY OF THE

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THE
RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE
OF

EUNICE WINCHESTER SMITH:

Who died July 6, 1840, aged 19 years.

BY ALEXANDER J. SESSIONS
PASTOR OF CROMBIE STREET CHURCH, SALEM.

"Let me die the death of the righteous!"

SALEM:
IVES AND PEASE, PRINTERS.
1840.

CARD
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THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
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THE contents of the following pages were comprised, mainly, in a Discourse, that was delivered upon the Sabbath subsequent to the death of Miss SMITH. The immediate occasion of publishing them may be seen in the communication given below. A. J. S.

Salem, July 20, 1840.

DEAR SIR—

Having heard, with great interest, your Discourse occasioned by the death of Miss SMITH, and feeling, in common with very many, that its publication is much to be desired,—both as a means of good to any who might peruse it, and as a high source of gratification to the large circle of her friends—we earnestly solicit, in behalf of ourselves and others, a copy for the press.

With true regard,

Your ob't servants,

J. S. WILLIAMS,

R. P. WATERS.

REV. ALEX. J. SESSIONS.

DISCOURSE .

God speaks to us to-day, my hearers, from the grave. He has been wont to address us through the conscience, the Scriptures, and the words of the living preacher; through the gifts and blessings of life, and His providences of common prosperity or adversity, but to-day He has chosen to speak to us from the grave. While you have been possessed of health and strength, and have been busy and earnest in your customary pursuits, one there was, out of your number, who has been arrested by sickness, who did waste and fade away, and now has passed entirely and forever from the earth. One, who was so long and so late among us, who was so statedly and steadily in her own designated place upon these seats, is, this moment, while you are here, motionless

and dumb, and covered from our sight in a distant grove ! But it is not the opening ground and the lowering coffin, to which God points at this hour—not the pall and the hearse, nor the scene of death, nor the bed of decline and decay. It is the rich experience of His wonderful grace, which that one enjoyed, that He now holds up before this audience ; it is her recent example of piety, as hearty as it was lovely, and her glorious triumph over death, and all, that you may tremble even to contemplate. For, while with all your vigor and activity, for obedience to God and for life eternal, you, it may be, have been overwhelmed in schemes of worldly good, she, in her weakness and solitude, has been rising up, and shaking herself from the dust of this poor and sinful earth. Whilst you have been reaching forth, and pressing towards that forbidden goal, which has ever filled your eye, she has been diligent and faithful in retracing her own wayward steps, and in pressing for the prize of the high calling of God. Whilst you have

been digging deep into the ground, to bury there all your treasures of feeling and of hope, she, day by day, and hour by hour, has been pluming her pinions for the skies. God speaks to you from the grave, but it is only to tell of a spirit that has left its last weight there, to mount to heaven. It is, to show the means by which you, also, can do the same ; the simple means, that were found out by one who was flesh and blood like ourselves, and who, but a few months since, sat before me to be warned and invited, as an impenitent sinner.

In noticing, then, as is proposed and expected, the case of the late Miss Smith, it is her religious experience, that will engage us, and more especially, that portion of it, which belonged to the last three or four months of her life. I am not permitted, here and now, to portray her character under its other aspects. Of her loveliness and her social virtues, of her native powers, her cultivation and attainments, of more common worth, shared in different degrees by others, it is not my privi-

lege or my charge to give an account. Nor, what might be still more fit, may I linger here, as I am inclined, to drop some natural tears over her fresh and untimely grave—where life, with all its value, was at once shut out, and at a time, when, with its promises, always strong, and never doubted by the young, it was more than life to her. I would dwell upon that part of her character which God most valued, which angels admire in her at this hour, and to which she would point, with one hand, while she turned the other towards sovereign grace, if she were now to wheel her flight within these walls!

Born and nurtured, as was Miss Smith, amidst the institutions and influences of the Gospel, her alienation from God showed itself, in what might be viewed as neglect of the Savior, rather than in direct opposition to Him. As is common, her enmity against God was in the form of friendship for the world. No instances are spoken of, in her history, where any other decided manifestation was ever made

of her sinfulness, and of her need of the new birth, by the Holy Spirit. Nor were there many points in her life, where she appeared especially alive to her ruined condition, and in open conflict with a present God. She had a conscience, that continually told her of duty neglected, and of the grand duty of life as not yet attempted; she had fears, forebodings, and great unhappiness, in consequence, but the distinctive and peculiar experience of conviction of sin, as wrought by the Spirit, she seems seldom to have had. Always, and uncommonly, afraid of death, she was very much alarmed and impressed, a few years since, by a solemn and most afflictive providence, in the sudden removal of an older sister. This event never lost its hold upon her, and may have been a prominent instrumentality in her final conversion to God. Ever since that time, by intervals, she has been wont to call her mother to her bedside, at all hours of the night, under the tender plea of real or alledged ill health, or other wants, in order that she might be relieved

from her distress of mind by a mother's presence. Nor did she pass on in life without some serious attention to her spiritual interests. On the contrary, she has related, since her sickness, exercises and efforts, which showed that the subject of religion had entered very largely into her personal history. She stated, that she used to resolve, that she "*would* obey God ;" and then she would watch herself closely, and strive to curb and reject whatever was wrong in her feelings or deportment ; and when she failed—as fail she did—she would summon up her strength and redouble her exertions. This process she frequently repeated, but was ever, and only, made unhappy by it ; being vexed with herself, put out of humor with others, and the things of life, while her painful convictions were but the more renewed and deepened ; till, at last, she would give up in despair. More recently, she was known to remark,—for one example of the kind—that she had "often thought she should like to become a Christian, if she only knew how." And in

another instance, she was immediately ready to engage in conversation with a friend upon the subject, and was evidently well pleased with the interview. She there said, that she had long been more or less impressed with the importance of seeking the salvation of her soul; that, in her private meditations, she realized, the transitory nature of earthly good, and felt its insufficiency to afford her substantial happiness. She knew, too, that God had a just claim to her, that she "*ought* to be a Christian," but thought, that her impressions originated in selfish fears, rather than in the genuine work of the Holy Spirit; for when she was with her associates, they were banished from her mind, and she was gay and thoughtless. Still, it then seemed to her friend, that God was gradually, but effectually, revealing to her a knowledge of Himself.

Among other means of spiritual good, she very fully enjoyed those of the Sabbath School. Here she was more than usually honest in her interest, no less than constant and

punctual in her attendance; and the institution proved of very great service to her, both in keeping in check the hardening process of sin, and in opening her heart to new and saving impressions. She particularly felt herself much indebted to her studies upon the Epistle to the Romans, for new views of God's government, and his method of justification.—Less than a year since, an unusual degree of seriousness was noticed in her, and of engagedness in the recitations of her class, especially as to questions relating more directly to the sufficiency of Christ's atonement, and the way of salvation. She was much affected, too, by the idea of the condemnation of the heathen, and seemed to have a jealous regard for the honor of God, as she contemplated that awful fact. She seemed mentally to contrast their opportunities with her own, and unhesitatingly acknowledged her obligations to God, of love and grateful obedience. She realized that her education, and other accidental advantages of her sphere in life, only increased her condemna-

tion, and was not ashamed of the tears, which told so distinctly, that she felt her need of sanctification. In connection with these influences, she fell in with the suggestion of her teacher, to call upon her pastor; though not, she was conscientiously careful to intimate to him, as a very earnest inquirer after the way of duty and of life. In that interview, she was candid and frank, rather than free and open, while communicating her religious exercises, and more solemn and tender, than ready to follow out, at once, the invitations and directions that were given; however quick she was to show, and to say, that they closely corresponded with her own best convictions. But for days following, as I am informed, she seemed to carry a heavier, if not a new burden upon her soul; and notwithstanding these impressions wore away very much, yet she never relapsed entirely from that position.

Her fondness for social pleasures, and her regard for worldly attractions, were now at their height; but she was greatly embarrassed

in her unconsecrated and unsanctified enjoyments. A faithful conscience would still tell her of salvation postponed, and the claims of her Redeemer rejected, while her immortal nature demanded a higher good. And after having thrown herself the most heartily into such pursuits, she ever retreated from them with the fullest dissatisfaction, and with real and great inward suffering.

At length, she felt that she must abandon her vain delights, or give up all thought of her reconciliation to God. Where her pleasures might be innocent, in themselves, and she had even considered it a duty to be found, she then saw that,—for her at least, with her weak resistance and her peculiar attitude of mind,—there was gratuitous pain and great hazard. Aside from the waste of time and exposure of health, as she confessed it was, she could not venture so far, any more, from the solemn and tender visitations of the Holy Spirit, with which she knew so well that she had long been favored.

This same state of mind had been exhibited in other connections, to a greater or less extent, and for months. Her studies in astronomy, for example, would lead her to remark, that "God, being so wise, with no other good quality, was worthy to be worshipped." She read the Scriptures much, and though it may have been, at that time, chiefly for the purpose of adding to the amount of her knowledge, and gaining a remote kind of religious instruction, still, this choice of books was not an unimportant indication. And now in her S. School class, it was noticed again, that her mind was not a little agitated and unsettled—that a new and a stronger conflict was awakened, while the predominant feeling seemed to be, "*I must be a Christian.*" To this point, her reason and conscience, duty and gratitude, her welfare and self-respect, all united to urge her. She had revolved the subject, over and over, she had tried all things else, but still her spirit found no rest.

Near the middle of February, she received

the fatal attack upon her lungs. At the time, she thought but little of the severe cold that she had taken, and attended meeting a part of the day upon the following Sabbath. About this period, she determined with herself, and resolutely, that "if there was such a thing as religion, she would seek until she found it." Her illness increased,—she was now wholly confined to the house, and soon her case was spoken of in somewhat of a serious tone.—In the second week of April she was obliged to take her bed; though, still, with no well defined and settled expectations, whatever may have been the fears of others, or her own. She looked forward to milder airs for relief, which were to come only to sigh over her grave! But how had she kept her resolution? She had not forgotten it, nor wholly failed to attend to it, and yet, so far as the great and essential matter was concerned, she had accomplished nothing. She seems to have repeated much of her old error, of endeavouring to keep the law, without beginning with the

inward change, and resorting to the helps and the strength, of the Gospel—of striving to please the Father, while yet she really disowned the Son. As full of promise as had been her previous course, and anxiously as others had sought out means for her conversion; as ready as she then was to assent to all truth and duty, impressed and restrained as she was by God's character and government, and even subdued to the providence of her confinement and sickness—fitted as was her whole situation to lead her to Christ, still, still, the glorious Gospel did but play round her head—it came not near the heart. It was very painful to contemplate her case, as it was at this, the darkest hour in all her religious history, and one mind was nearly overwhelmed by it. But it was the hour before the break of day—and her unclouded sun was soon above the horizon. None can have failed to observe, that a great preparation had been made for the right experience. Hence, one remarks, who visited her, that “she had the

most distinct view of the attributes of God, and said, that she could think of Christ as the Savior of the world, though not as *her* Savior. But still she had a calm confidence in God, and seemed well assured that she should yet find the Savior precious to her soul." Along with other instrumentalities, and instructions upon the method of salvation as it is in Jesus, in distinction from all other schemes, the hymn of Watts was used, which begins with these lines—

“ Alas ! and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die ! ”

She was enlisted in committing this to memory, in company with her little brother, and it seemed to help very much in spreading the whole matter before her. There was her Savior, of a truth—her Savior, in respect to all wants—and there was her infinite, as well as most simple and tender obligation. Nor was it long before she professed her willingness to adopt the plan of reconciliation to God, and of sanctification, which had been so sedulously held up before

her. She said, that if to surrender herself into the hands of Christ were all she had to do—though she could not but feel, still, that “that was altogether too little, when, especially, He had done so much for her”—if that was really the thing that she needed, and had so long searched after, she would do it. She knew that she was not her own, she remarked, and she was prepared to give herself away, in this form, whatever might be the result. And so, as it would seem, she actually did. In the spirit of the closing words of the hymn referred to, she did say, and from the heart,

“Here, Lord, I give myself away—
’Tis all that I can do.”

She cordially received the atonement of Christ, and availed herself of his righteousness; she yielded herself to his control and cast all her care upon Him, with the feeling that He might indeed care for her. She really, at last, believed in Him. It was enough—it was all: the covenant was sealed, and from that time forth, and forever, she was His, and

He was hers! On the following morning, she said to her mother, "I do think I have given myself up to Christ, and that I love him."—Still, she was not ready to admit into her own mind, fully, the great thought, that she had actually passed from death unto life. She had ever distrusted a death-bed repentance—for now she regarded this as her last sickness—and had said, that if she were not to become a Christian before such a time, she never should; that, especially, she could not know that she had, since she would have nothing in the way of trial and temptation to test the genuineness of the change. And in conversing with one of her companions, concerning the revivals that were then taking place about her, she expressed the wish, that she could feel sure that she herself had met with the necessary change of heart. She could not but recognise, before her friend, a new state of her affections, yet still she added, that she "feared a death-bed repentance was never genuine;" and continued to dwell upon the thought. But at the close of

the interview, she confessed, that she had "committed a great sin in doubting the willingness of Christ to receive her," and hoped to have strength given her to overcome it, and that she should be able to bear a better testimony the next time that her friend might call. Her honest and real feeling would thus sweetly constrain her, even then, to hope and trust, and to be happy; and before the proposed interview, she was ready to state, as she did, that every doubt was removed. She went so far, as to assure her companion, that she could adopt, in full, the sentiment of the hymn that begins with the line, "I would not live alway." To her S. S. teacher she remarked, soon after this, "It don't seem possible that this can be all that is needed, only to *believe*—but I am so happy now!" "How easy it is—and I thought so long about it!" And now she was, indeed, a new creature in Christ Jesus. Old things had passed away. She saw with new eyes, and felt with a new heart. She was at peace with herself, no less than

with her God. A complete provision had been made within, and hence the grand result—a foundation had been laid, like the eternal hills, and she rested upon it, as does the native rock itself. And hence, from this period, no one of her friends, or numerous visitors, can speak of her ever having any real doubt of her acceptance with God, and of her sure and eternal portion in the salvation of Christ. They know of neither word, nor look, nor gesture, that indicated such an apprehension, or any misgiving. There was nothing—however strong the statement may seem to some—that threw the thinnest shadow over the path of her progress, and the sunlight of her Holy joy. Morning after morning, whatever had been her previous night, and time after time, she would break out with, the “goodness of God!” In the first of her sickness, she had been conversed with upon this attribute of her heavenly Father, and had seen it, intellectually, but at length she would remark, “Mother, I can *now* say, God is good!” Once she had realized,

most clearly, that God is *wise*, but now her constant thought was, "God is *good*!" She felt Him to be good, in all His works and dealings, as well as character, but wonderfully and most gloriously good, in His high scheme of redemption, and in bringing her to rejoice personally, at last, in its priceless and perfect provisions. A sweet serenity of mind never failed her. She would say, "O what peace! I never knew what peace was, before this sickness." "I never enjoyed so much at any other time, in my life. I never was so happy." "I never understood till now what Christ said to his disciples. '*Peace* I leave with you, *my* peace I give unto you—not as the world giveth, give I unto you.' How affectionate, how kind, how tender." "If others only felt this peace, they would be happy anywhere." "Now I know how Paul and Silas could sing praises to God, while in prison—it was because they felt this peace." She now valued the Scriptures, and her Bible and hymn book were habitually present by her side. She wondered how it was,

that she had not found out the treasures in the Word of God before. "Others could *not* be so ignorant of the Bible," as she had been. "They *must* see more in it, than I did." In a style of address, that was common with her, she would speak out, "Mother, O mother, why did I never understand this before!" She was also much interested in "Baxter's Saints' Rest," and expressed her surprise, again, that that book should have been in the house so long, and she not have read it. "The Pilgrim's Progress," she read anew, with great pleasure, and not now for the mere story, as she had been accustomed to do. She always knew, she said, that Bunyan was considered "a great genius, but now she could see it herself." In keeping with all this, she delighted in christian conversation, and truly seemed to welcome it as a traveller does a green spot upon the desert. On one occasion, she observed, "I have just been talking with a dear good old lady. O how good it is to talk with Christians." And where circumstances would

allow it, she was ever solicitous to be led in that highest and holiest form of communion with her fellow creatures, no less than with God—prayer.

With such feelings, as you might expect, she could not but be anxious for the salvation of others. She loved truth everywhere, and always desired to see fitness and perfection, though it were only in the manners and dress of her little brother about her bed ; but how did her heart yearn that her kindred, her friends, her associates, and acquaintances, might be made complete in Christ ! She knew well their wants, and it seemed really strange to her, that they would still refuse to have them supplied. She had been in the condition of others, and she labored to have them escape from it, with herself. Her description of it was, that “it is sweet to trust in the Savior”—it “gives such peace”—it was, too, “so right, as well as good ;” and withal, “so simple and easy.” As both a natural proof and a most beautiful manifestation of true piety, she appeared to feel, that

she had only to tell a human being what it was to be a Christian, and he would embrace the Redeemer, at once. To one, sitting by her, she said, "now is the time—I want you to give yourself up to God:" and to another she made the same appeal, and added—"Once, I desired to die of consumption, that I might have more time to prepare for death—but it was all wrong—now is the time—it is not right to postpone it at all." With much of like import besides, she thus addressed a member of the family: "How important to be joined to Christ!" "O consider the blessed Savior upon the cross! Be His, and death shall have no sting." "O do, do it at once!" At one time, she spoke of a prayer that she had just offered. It was, first, for herself, then, in turn, for her own kindred, for her pastor, for the superintendent of the Sabbath School; and then, for "all others, as they came into mind." She often inquired, and with particularity, after different individuals in the congregation, and especially after those, who had been, or were,

seriously impressed. The S. School, and not least, her own class, were much in her thoughts. And if there was ever any thing favorable to be communicated, an expression of calm and holy pleasure would immediately light up her features: but when told that her own situation had been made the means of good, she was overjoyed at it. She used to make the remark, that "perhaps God would accomplish more by her death, than He would have done by a long life;" and really exulted in the idea that she should be allowed to fall in such a kind of martyrdom. It was common with her to say, "would that others could feel what I feel, and then they *would* become Christians." "How soon would they give themselves to Christ, and serve Him—they would not put it off one day more." If she failed to improve what seemed to her a good opportunity to speak with her companions, and other visitors, upon the cherished theme of her own heart, she would blame herself; and one instance of such neglect, as she called it—and the only one of the kind, so

far as I know—she repeatedly mentioned, and dwelt upon it, till sympathy with her itself became painful. Towards the close of her days, particularly, she felt very keenly that she must deny herself, and suffer, if need be, in order to do good to the souls of those she loved, and whom she was to leave behind, beyond a farther effort. And some of those private appeals, under varied circumstances of an impressive and tender character in themselves, must have had an unearthly eloquence, an unknown pathos and power: so was she filled with love and holy truth, so did she labor in the cause of her God and the lost soul, so did she draw near to the judgment, heaven and eternity.

You may be ready to inquire after her feelings in relation to her own death. As has been already implied, once the thought of dying gave her exceeding pain and alarm—so that she has remarked, in years past, that she “could scarcely suffer more if she were really to undergo the pangs of dissolution.” Still,

even at the first of her sickness, and before her conversion, she had been so far disciplined by God as to say, that if she were but *prepared* for it, she should have no particular dread at leaving the world. And her pastor was then somewhat surprised to mark her coolness and self-possession here, while yet she was not united to the Savior. But when Christ *had* been formed in her, she was already victorious over the grave. She had perfect composure as she looked forward to the time of her departure; and it was regarded as a thing to be marked, that she could join in conversation with others in her chamber, upon the probability of her living four weeks, or two, or six, just as she would have done upon any other topic. In another connection, she observed to one present, "I think that I shall not fear death, when it comes." "This must be the work of God, I am so different—for it used to distress me even to think of dying, but now it is pleasant—it is only the entrance into heaven." Young as she was, and preeminently so

in Christian experience, she could yet say with the aged and godly Paul, that she had "a desire to depart." She could even "thank God that He had called her away at so young and tender an age." "My friends are near and dear," were her words, "but Jesus is more to me than father and mother, or brother and sister:" words, too, addressed to one of the friends here enumerated. When she contemplated a life on earth, she dwelt upon its temptations, and its scenes of sin and wretchedness; and she chose, in her own language, "to be with Christ, and to be like Him." When taken, at one time, to the window of her chamber, to enjoy natural scenery, in which she always so much delighted, she could not but immediately contrast with that, the verdure and the airs of the paradise of God. So when some flowers in her room were spoken of, on another occasion, she replied, "O yes! they are beautiful, and they make me think of heaven, where all is so beautiful and pure, and *eternal, too.*"

Once she had been speaking of the delight she took in conversing with those that loved the Savior ; when it was said, that the society in heaven was far better still. “ Oh yes,” she replied, with the greatest animation, “ *I thought of it—I thought of it!*” And again she remarked, in other circumstances, “ I am afraid sometimes, that I shall become impatient to die.” She saw heaven in the distance—nor did the distance seem great to her—and she wanted to be there. Her most natural and spontaneous, as well as settled and permanent feeling was—

“ I want to put on my attire,
 Washed white in the blood of the Lamb ;
 I want to be one of your choir,
 And tune my sweet harp to his name ;
 I want—Oh, I want to be there,
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
 Your joy and your friendship to share—
 To wonder and worship with you ! ”

For a few days before her death, she had wanderings of mind, but even these showed where was really the home of her soul ; as in the wildest dreams, the particular cast of indi-

vidual character may still be preserved and clearly exhibited. When, at such times, she visited from house to house, through all the neighborhood, and travelled somewhat abroad, she saw no fearful or unpleasant sight, and heard no startling or dissonant sound. She would give an account of her calls, and relate characteristic incidents, as to families and individuals, but she ever spoke kindly of all, expressed the warmest gratitude at her reception, and was constantly happy. Upon one occasion, as a family friend left her chamber, she followed her, as usual, with her holy longings, and then turned her head, and said, "There—I have made a prayer, and sent it up, and it is all that I can do." Whether she meant that she had "sent it up" to heaven, or up to the home of the person, was not certain. At another time, I was sitting by the side of her bed, when she turned quickly and strongly towards the other side and said, with a smile and somewhat earnestly,—"*Mother, I thought — — seemed thoughtful ;*"

as though the individual spoken of had just left the room.

But now the period drew near, that she should die. For some twenty four hours before the closing scene, God was pleased to bring back, apparently, her clearness of mind, though she was so low, that her tongue would not obey the summons of her will; as if her wise Keeper would make her silent expression of countenance, and her voiceless tokens, more significant and effective than utterance itself. How she labored to speak, and how she seemed to be burdened with thought and feeling, and with messages from heaven, was felt and mourned by those who stood by, but that impression cannot be conveyed to others. She was able to ejaculate, however, at different times—"O how happy!"—"Happy change!"—"Happy, happy, happy!" Long before her departure, she felt that the strange touch of death was upon her, and she struggled, and struggled again, to apprise her friends of it. And when, at length, they were made to ap-

prehend her meaning, she appeared to exult in her success, and was at rest. She did not dread what was before her, and knew that she had a greater than they all for a companion, but now she felt that she was not to go down into the dark valley to their surprise, nor without their sympathy. She made now another, and a more distinct and stronger effort to unbosom herself, but could not be understood. At last, the name of her brother "Henry" was spoken—who was far distant from her upon the waters, or on a foreign shore—and her countenance was illumined at once; while, in her joy, she imprinted a kiss upon her father's cheek, with a strength, that seemed not to be her own. The dying charge was, that the dear brother should become a follower of Christ. And again she strove to make known the workings of her heart; when her "companions" were found to be their object. Another glow of delight followed, and a similar charge was left for them;—with the request, that they should be informed "how happy"

she was. During all the night, she could understand, seemingly, what was said to her, could convey something of what passed in her own mind, and not unfrequently by, as well as with, a smile. About one o'clock in the morning, and half an hour before she ceased to breathe, she was asked, whether her confidence in her Savior remained unshaken, her prospect brightening, and her soul at rest ; and whether she could not give some token of it, if it were all well with her. Immediately, and with great significancy, she gave the expected and welcome token, and perfected the act by her last smile upon the earth !

And here I am able to give some impressions, which the exhibitions, that have now been rehearsed, made upon the minds of others, and which have been kindly furnished at my request.

The first is an extract from a letter, that contained information as to Miss Smith's sickness and death.

“DEAR H.

Since your absence from home, our kind and generous hearted sister has left us, never more to gladden our hearts with her animated and happy countenance. She was, indeed, a most affectionate sister, and hard, *very hard* it is to part with such an one : and by you, who so much appreciated her worth, will her loss be very deeply felt. But, my brother, could you have seen her during her sickness, witnessed the manifestations of the calm joy of her mind, uninterrupted by one cloud of doubt or fear, and heard with what sweet composure she would speak of death, you would have been led to feel, with the rest of her friends, that our loss was her gain. Never before did I witness such an instance of the happy effects of religion. The change in some respects seemed astonishing. For she, to whom, as you well remember, death always seemed clad in terrors, who was greatly agitated even by the appearance of a thunder storm, or whenever danger was near,

was now resigned and happy, frequently alluding to her own death, in conversation, with composure and calmness.

Her sick chamber was not one of gloom or sadness. The joy depicted on her countenance, the interest which she still felt in all that was transpiring abroad, and in whatever concerned her friends, her perfect *naturalness* of manner, seeming in many respects the same as when she was in full health—these made her room truly a pleasant place. Oh, it was indeed pleasant, to hear her converse, to sit and watch her almost heavenly countenance, as she would speak of the goodness of God, the joys of heaven, and the happiness of forever dwelling with its pure inhabitants. She would often say—"Oh, I want you to feel that it is religion, only, that can give you true happiness. I never knew what it was to possess peace of mind before. I want you to try and find the same that I trust I have sought and found." Once in particular, I was sitting by her bedside, conversing with her, when she

said—"You remember, E., how excitable I formerly was, and what do you think could give me this calmness of mind, if it be not religion?" I replied, that it must be that alone which had so changed her. "Yes," she said, "it is—and to obtain it seems so clear and easy, that I want you to feel the same." During her sickness, not a murmuring word was known to escape her lips. Her peace of mind was uninterrupted, and continued to the end; and as, day by day, her bodily strength grew less, her faith never wavered, and her countenance retained the same sweet and happy expression."

Another individual writes as follows:—

* * "She was naturally of an ardent temperament—whatever she undertook, she entered into with her whole heart. This trait, as might be expected, was apparent in her religious character. She was likewise of a very nervous and excitable temperament; and in allaying and controlling this peculiar development

of character, the power of religion was preeminently conspicuous. Her particular friends, who often, on slight occasions, had seen her fears and nervous excitement prevail over her better judgment, viewed with astonishment the calmness and even cheerfulness, with which she, day after day, and week after week, contemplated *death* as the inevitable result of her sickness; and it could not fail to produce on the minds of all, who witnessed it, the conviction, that the power of God alone could have effected so great a change.

Perhaps the prominent trait of her religious character was a filial trust. "My Father has done all things well, He has made all things work together for my good—how very good God is to me—how kind to remove me so young from this world."—These were her habitual feelings and expressions. Another trait of character was peculiarly observable. Her religion was to be carried into the daily walks of life. It did not, as many might suppose, destroy all interest in the concerns of this world: so far

from it, that whatever her friends were occupied with, whatever subject agitated the public mind, while her strength permitted, she was interested in.

Though she relied entirely on the merits of Christ for salvation, and knew that she was saved by grace alone, still she felt the necessity of good works as an evidence of faith in Christ—as the only wish, that she was ever heard to express that she might recover, was, that she might test the sincerity of her faith by a life of obedience.”

The next communication is from her former instructor, H. K. Oliver, Esq.

“During the whole time of her continuance at school, which was more than three years, it is not recollected that she was ever subjected to censure or rebuke. From an innate sense of the propriety and necessity of so doing, she complied, without any question or hesitation, with every requisition, relating either to study or discipline. On one occasion, in particular, in order to exercise her perseverance, she was

denied all assistance in a very difficult lesson in mathematics. Without a murmur, she returned to the task, and applying to it all her energies, accomplished it perfectly, after the unremitting toil of three days. There was in her disposition an unmingled and unfailing gentleness and patience. God had made her to love Himself and the whole world. When any slight cloud of offence passed between her and any of her associates, she was unhappy till it was removed, and she was always ready to be the earliest to clear it away.

She listened, with the deepest interest and solicitude, to the religious instruction given at school—and to the subject of the Evidences of Christianity, she applied herself with great success. To all that was imparted, either in the words of her text-book, or of her teacher, she gave the most faithful heed, and the answers she returned to questions, and the questions she put, showed that her reason and her heart were both deeply engaged. In a conversation with her instructor, about a fortnight

before her death, she referred to this subject with much feeling, and expressed her satisfaction at having so fully investigated this great matter, before she left her pupilage. She there spoke, also, of her approaching dissolution, without either excitement or alarm. She knew that life was denied her, and that, too, at a time, when it held forth the brightest and most alluring pictures to her youthful eyes. She thought it was replete with the promises of happiness; "but yet," she said, "when I look upon the aged, and upon those who have seen the most of the world, I know that these promises are never realized." One expression was most remarkable, and indicated the depth of her reflection, the soundness of her views of the world, and the assurance that she felt in the faithfulness of the promises of the religion of Christ. "I feel that I am dying. I know that I leave the world at a period of life, when I might most desire to live. But I *feel it to be a privilege to*

die so young, and to have experienced so few of the griefs of this world.”

So lived, and so died, one, whose example is above price to those who survive; and the brightness of whose journey through the dark valley of the shadow of death, shows that that path has no glooms which Christianity cannot illumine, and no terrors to the soul protected and upheld by the religion of Him, who is called the Faithful and True.”

The representation that remains to be given is from the pen of the Rev. C. C. Sewall, of Danvers.

“It was my privilege to visit the late Miss Eunice W. Smith, a very short time before her death. I had hitherto been almost a stranger to her, personally, and I could not fail to perceive how soon and ardently her sympathies were extended to me, as, I presume, they were to all, who approached her bedside. Her heart seemed to have been deeply touched by the holy influences of Christian truth, and to be full of the pure and ex-

pansive spirit of Christian love. It was a source of great comfort to her, to believe that the good on earth would hereafter be united with the saints in heaven, and become companions with them, forever, in glory ; and all the pleasures and attachments of the world were forgotten, in the delightful anticipation of the happiness of this union. The same spirit of love would, I doubt not, have caused her, if she had been spared and restored to health, to make the most vigorous and untiring exertions for the welfare of others ; and especially, for their welfare as spiritual and immortal beings. For it was chiefly in these relations, that she seemed to think of them, and to sympathize with them.

The mention of her Savior, and the prospect of a life to be spent in His presence, and crowned with His love, at once lit up a beautiful smile upon her bright and cheerful face, and I thought, awakened emotions in her breast, which she could not express. It was evident, that the recollections of what had been

done and suffered for her salvation, and of the glorious promises, which the Messenger of our heavenly Father's love and mercy had conveyed, and, by His blood, made sure to us, were among the most frequent exercises of her mind; and that she felt, most deeply, the extent of her obligations, and the magnitude of that deliverance, for which she was permitted to hope. Death, I was convinced, had lost its terrors, and the prospect of its rapid and certain approaches, was viewed by her with a calm and fearless, resigned and trusting spirit. The dark valley was, to her eye, irradiated with light from the region beyond: and she could enter it, leaning upon that arm, which had never failed, and would never fail to sustain and preserve her.

My stay with Miss S. was short, and in consequence of her extreme weakness, and frequent fits of coughing, I did not ask her many questions, or enter into any thing more than a general conversation, the topics of which were suggested by her appearance. But the

few moments I spent with her, gave me a deep impression of the loveliness, which piety imparts to its possessor, and of the peace and hope, which the Gospel of Jesus affords to the sanctified spirit, even in the last hours of life. There was about her the whole air and mien of one, whom every body must have felt was just going to leave this world, and belonged already to a better : and I could not, as I looked upon her, but inwardly exclaim, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory !”

She is gone from us ;—but we have reason to bless God for the assured hope, which remains, that she is already among the spirits of the just made perfect in heaven ; and for the sweet recollections of her, which have done so much to soften and soothe the anguish of her parents and friends. And most earnestly do I pray, that they, in whom she felt so deep an interest, and all who were privileged to know her in life, and to see her in sickness and death, may realize and remember the worth

and necessity of that piety, which sustained her so perfectly in all her trials, and prepared her so well to die ; and may resolve, by God's help, to make it their own.'"

To this account of Miss Smith's experience, I would add some connected thoughts of hers, which I am permitted to take from a copy of a letter she dictated to a younger brother, who has been mentioned before. Aside from other disadvantages, which she necessarily encountered, the letter was prepared in great haste, as the vessel that carried it out was about to sail, and in fact, it was broken off abruptly, to her painful regret. It is all very nearly in her own language. She expected then to write again, and quite to the last, was waiting for a more comfortable day, to leave him another memorial, and, as it would have been, a still richer legacy. The letter is dated,

Danvers, May 27, 1840.

Eunice dictates as follows:—

DEAR HENRY,—Perhaps years may elapse

before you will be at home. Ere that, I shall be here no more : and even should you arrive with Capt. Balch, there is very little probability that you would meet me. Had you been here during the winter, and marked my healthy countenance, you would little have thought that consumption would have so soon found in me a victim. But so it is : and as the ways of God are always best, we should be submissive and resigned. Had I not have been able to put my trust in the Savior, I should have felt it very hard to be taken away at an age, when the pleasures of this world seem more fascinating and desirable, than at any other time of life. Having left school, I felt free to enjoy, beyond what I had ever done before, all that this world can afford. Surrounded by many dear and affectionate friends, and possessed of all earthly comforts, I looked forward with delight on the future. How changed within a few short months ! Say not, "I pity you : " shed no tear for my distress ; but rejoice with me, that, through the mercy and goodness of

God, I have brighter prospects with eternity in view. There I shall be free from all sin; there I shall have no more sorrow, or tears of repentance—no more hungering and thirsting after righteousness—for there I shall be filled. There, I shall enjoy the presence of God, and the company of angels, and saints made perfect, (shall I say, and of my brother Henry, too?) constantly serving God, and singing the praises of the redeemed.

As often as I look on the ring which you gave me, I think of you, and earnestly desire that you would have an interest in Christ. If you have not, will you not now repent, and receive the Lord Jesus as your Savior? Trust in His blood to cleanse you: trust not in your own righteousness, but in Christ's. Cast yourself on the mercy of God, who desires your salvation more than you do; who has given His only beloved Son to die for you, and will He not also with Him, give all things else you need? Be guided, directed, and governed by Him, and you will find comfort, peace and

happiness, in this world, and perfect joy through eternity.

Truly the Lord has dealt gently with me, and given sweet peace of mind, and joy in God. My greatest trial will be, in parting with friends: but Jesus is more than father, mother, brother or sister; and He will give me strength for this, also. That we may meet again in Heaven, is the earnest prayer, and sincere wish of your affectionate EUNICE.’

To note here, once more, the true and scrupulous cast of her consecration to Christ, it may be mentioned, that she rather reproved herself for the most natural flow of momentary grief, that attended the close of this effort to write her brother—and, it may be added, the only marked one of the kind that she was known to have, during all her sickness. But the consideration of her weakness of body apart, how fit and innocent was her sorrow at such a moment: so fit and innocent, that the Savior would have shared it with her, had He been upon the earth; nay,—did He not stoop to do it, from His throne in

the heavens. For into that one event, of the close of the letter, how much must have been crowded ! How much of all the young past, and of the solemn future ; of all her connections with other kindred and friends, and with her farewell to the earth itself, no less than of her feelings and associations, as they were clustered around that distant brother, upon whom her eyes were to be placed no more forever !

Such is a rapid sketch of the religious experience of the late Miss Smith. You will unite with me, I think, in regarding it as a very uncommon experience ; heightened, as it is, by the consideration, that she was called to die at such a point in her bright career, and that her real knowledge of the Gospel was so short, and attended with the hindrances—not the helps—of a sick bed, and the seclusion of the chamber. With all that was exciting in the circumstances of the case, and high in her exercises of soul, you still see her, ever cool and collected in her reason and judgment, clear in her

discrimination, healthy in the tone of her feelings, unwarped by fears of death, or by any other undue or untoward influences. You notice, that simple *naturalness* stamped her piety, more than any thing else. It had the right and grand impress of reality. It was a strong under-current, that never ceases to flow—an upspringing and gushing fountain of living water, that the visitor finds the same, from month to month, and year to year. It was, in truth, the genuine work of God, and why should it not have been thorough and complete, and more than satisfactory.

But I would still call your attention, more distinctively, to the three marked stages in her experience, which have come before us during the narration.

I. She regarded herself *lost*, as a sinner.

In common with others, she found herself to be a “degenerate plant of a strange vine.” This, was constantly implied, and at times very prominently, in all her earlier course of religious inquiry. Her fears and anxieties,

her inward conflicts and struggles, her efforts at reformation, with her real unwillingness to be thoroughly changed at heart ; the long continued sameness of her impenitent and unrenewed state—these, and other like things, all show that she was, indeed, and so felt herself to be, a depraved, guilty, ruined, and lost creature. And so she recognised and acknowledged it, in words, at different times, with more or less of freedom. But her final change and subsequent character, being a perfect contrast to this, exhibits her previous relation to God, as the light of day makes us understand what was the darkness and the gloom of night. If her latest experience was of the right kind—right in the sight of God, as well as satisfactory to herself, and profoundly admired by all who witnessed its manifestations—what must have been her former character. For how diverse they were, how wide apart, how directly and completely opposed to each other ! Nothing like the presence of holiness can so display to us the nature of sin. And hence her own

testimony, of which we have so much, in explicit declarations, strong expressions and deep feeling, is not necessary to perfect our view of her condition as it was before her conversion.

II. She attempted a *self-wrought* reformation, and utterly failed.

As easily as all this could have been predicted, yet what a strong example of such a failure has she left us. As well as she knew the truth of the matter, at last, yet how laboriously did she work it out for herself, and make it her own. How fair and signal was her experiment, and how decisive and final must it ever be accounted. She strove, with all her might, to obey God, in the way that she had chosen, but she could not compass it. The springs within would still play in the wrong directions. She tried her expedient, again and again, but it would not answer. She found that she did but aggravate her case, both as to her own feelings, and her real guilt in the sight of God. She was disappointed, and

vexed, and disheartened, and made rebellious; and effectually conquered. She had no way, for herself, of reconciliation to God, and of radical change, and He himself was thus cut off, from his own and only method. For, though the name of the Savior was fresh in her ears, and His words of life fast in her memory, and though, in some sense, she must have looked to Him, in that struggle, still she would not believe in Him. She regarded Him, in the distance, as some foreign personage, some magnificent stranger—as we may contemplate, upon a winter's night, a brighter and a larger star in the heavens, which is the centre and sun of a whole system, and yet feel none of the blessed heat, that gives life, somewhere, to unnumbered millions. But here we delight to turn to the other point in her history.

III. She found relief, and full relief, by *surrendering herself to Christ*.

She had heard, by the outward ear, of His work of salvation, but now she did certainly avail herself of it. She had been anxious to

do some great thing herself, but now she cordially accepted of what was prepared to her hands. She renounced her own works, and modes, and really adopted those that had been taught her by the Gospel, and the Holy Spirit. She did, at last, actually receive the record that God hath given of his Son. She now *believed* in Him, with a true faith. He became unto her, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption. She fled to Him, not more for pardon, through His blood, than for a deliverance from the present power of sin. She yielded herself to His control, committed all into His charge and keeping, and secured a vital and eternal union to Him. She did become His, and He was hers. And so did a new experience break in upon her soul, and spread throughout her entire being. At once she had new relations and connections with God. The law lost its terrors, for its penalty was annihilated, and hearty, acceptable obedience became an easy thing. God smiled upon her, and the Savior was her portion and

her joy. Her affections, as well as her purposes and plans, put on another character, and all her desires and aspirations. She was saved by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost—she was created anew in Christ Jesus—she was baptized by, and into the Spirit of the living God. Now was she what she had ever needed to be, and what she had really felt after; what God had sought, in all His dealings with her, what was signified and demanded and secured by the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. Like Paul, she counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus her Lord. The true goal had been won, the great end had been reached. All the elements of her nature had settled down into a calm and complete repose. Her peace did flow as a river, and her righteousness, as the waves of the sea!

Nor can I pass on, until I have designated, in like manner, some three or four characteristics of the fit and beautiful piety of this young Christian.

1. She was given up to Christ and His service, at last, simply because it was *right*, and she *so loved* it.

Her love to God was neither grounded upon, nor measured by the question, whether she was to recover or to die—whether she was ever to be secluded in her chamber, or was to go out strong, again, into the cherished and exciting scenes of the world. Nor was her love to God a kind of sordid price, paid for the pardon of her sins, or a kind of bribe, held out for the joys of heaven. It was forever settled with her, that she was to belong to Christ, whatever might betide, come what might. This she felt to be just what ought to be done, and with this feeling, she did not now choose any other portion, and had no longer any other attachment, or any other joy. Here it was, that her holiness and her happiness had met together, embraced each other, and became one.

2. Her *confidence* was fixed; and *never failed* her:

After she had once fully admitted into

her mind the trust, that she had passed from death unto life, that she was adopted by God as a dear child, it is not known that she would ever have alluded, of her own impulse, to the matter of doubt, as it exists in the minds of most Christians. She seemed to know as well how, as in whom, she had believed. She confided in Christ, as a babe confides in its mother—and felt that it would be sin in her to indulge in fears. Regarding her rich experience as “all of God,” as she was wont to express it, she correctly reasoned, that the more she encouraged herself to welcome it, the more complete it would be, and that the more she magnified it, the more was God honored, and her own soul immediately blessed.

3. She had an earnest desire for the *salvation* of *others*.

Having discovered a mine of gold, she was anxious to take her friends with her to the spot. In travelling, far and long, upon the desert, she had fallen upon a spring of water, and she beckoned to all to come, and

slake their parching thirst. Being what she was then, and having been as others are, well did she know how to feel for them; and her deep love to God, as well as for their souls, broke out of its own accord, and could not be restrained. She felt, too, that God had won her to Himself for the sake of others, no less than for her own sake, and it would have seemed strange to her, if she had had no instrumentality to put forth for their salvation. Free from such a solicitude for their eternal welfare, she would have concluded that the evidence of her own conversion had gone—that, after all, true piety had never visited her breast. But as a follower of Christ, she labored to have her fellow creatures join in His train—as she was like Him, so she did as He did, when He went about to seek and to save the lost.

4. As a consequence of all this, Miss Smith had uncommon *peace* and *joy*.

Her peace did, in truth, flow as a river. She did rejoice, and did joy in the God of her salvation. She had all the elements and ingre-

dients of solid enjoyment, and why must she not have been happy? What, to contend against the presence of grace—and of such grace—in her heart, was sickness and decay, or weariness and pain, or the separation from friends, and a long farewell to all that was dear to her upon the earth. She had both an immediate possession of life eternal, and she boldly embraced the promises, and why should she not have had peace and joy. Why, indeed, should she have mourned by the very side of the Bridegroom? It would not have been less wrong, to have worn a dark brow, and to have felt a heavy heart—in her own apprehension—than it would have been, in the other instance, to have disbelieved her Savior, and to have trifled with His faithfulness. But holy delight reigned within, and in any event, it could not but break forth.

With this experience of our deceased friend, fresh upon our minds, and even bathing our hearts, how is the tender and sacred office anticipated, and more than half fulfilled, of ad-

dressings a few thoughts to the different classes of mourners who are present.

To the parents, of the departed, I would be allowed to say: Weep not for her whom we call dead. It is all well with her—for God has had, and still has her in His keeping.—You sought to educate her—but God made her wiser than all her teachers. You sought to train her morals and lead her to Christ—but God, in one bright hour, did more for her here, than you could ever have done, with all her ministers in the Gospel. You labored for her happiness—but God, at one opening, poured into her soul more sober rapture than the goods of this world can all bestow. You nurtured and reared her,—you watched about her path and guided her, you ever cherished her and bent over her as long as she lingered here—but God has now taken her to His own mansion, in the golden city itself. Weep not for her, as you do not, and cannot, however the rent in your own hearts may open and bleed. And may you repair to the same source of con-

solation, and the same fountain of cleansing, that your daughter found out, and ever draw from the same well of salvation. Your God, let me say, my respected friends, waits upon you for this, and that beloved child would have died less happy if she had not looked forward to it.

To her sisters and brothers, and her other kindred, I can say no less, and need not say more. Weep not for the departed. She is only, not present in her usual seat, she is only not left in waiting at the home of your childhood, she is only not now happy with you here upon the earth ; for she is just above us in the skies, and exults there at this instant, with unheard of joy. And as she sends down her thoughts to the dwelling and the spot where she once delighted to be, as she may draw still nearer to us than that, in the unknown powers of a disembodied spirit, it is, that you may become the penitent followers of her Lord and Master, that you may be renewed and sanctified by the same power of the Holy Spirit, and

rise at last, and not long hence, to the same glorious home. To all her family friends, she has left, not more a fond remembrance, and kind tokens of love, than the rich inheritance of a rare likeness to the Savior. Happy are ye, if you shall be pleased to accept of it!

This event addresses itself to the church and congregation. It goes back to tell us, my brethren, what more we might have done for her earlier consecration to God, and for her consequent labor among us, in the cause of Christ. It calls up other cases, of the living, rather than the dead, where conversions might have taken place, had we been what we seem to be. It breathes much kind reproof for us, who have been so long in the school of Christ, to learn so little—and presents for us, not least, those points of christian character which all so much admire. It exhorts and urges us now really to become, what we propose to be, and to do, with our might, what is left undone.

And where there is an acknowledged want of piety, this event pleads most earnestly. It

pleads that you should no longer do, as she did, when she sat among you. It declares, that even in one of as fair a character as she seemed to possess, and as attentive to religious truth as was she, it was yet exceedingly wicked, as well as full of folly and extreme hazard. It does warn and reprove you, my friends, for neglect and delay, for such abuse of golden opportunities, for such cool and bold rejection of the offers and the claims of the Redeemer. It entreats, and entreats again, that you should now desist!

For the Sabbath School, Miss Smith had contemplated a particular message. But weakness first, and then death came upon her, and she never committed it to our keeping. Yet can you not now say what it would have been? As much as she valued her place among your number, faithful as she was, comparatively, as a scholar, and greatly benefitted as she was by her connection with the School, still she felt that she had really thrown away her chief advantage here. She did not, and would not re-

ceive the Savior, and enlist for Him—though that were the grand reason for her attendance. Can you be at a loss, then, to say what that message would have been? Do you not now even hold it in possession? And is it not one of those uncommon voices of solemn admonition, as well as of sweet accent, which break over the sinner's path in this world, by God's direction, and which he will remember in the judgment, and through all the scenes of eternity!

For her companions and associates, many of whom I see gathered here to-day, I have also a charge. It is not found upon paper, written by pen and ink, nor was it spoken to me, in words, by your friend, but it is all the more impressive and eloquent. Its vast limit is best left undefined—its profound depths, unfathomed. It now sounds more like a voice from the grave, than the sick bed, and more like a voice from the heavens, than from the grave. Your friend loved your souls, you know not how strongly. She felt for you,

as the dying only feel; she felt for you, because she had had all your experience, but more for the reason, that she then had something, which most of you have never known. And she mourned over you—allow me to speak it faithfully—because you are lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God. She mourned, that, whatever you may have learned with her at school, you lack still a knowledge of Christ—that whatever may be your virtues or attractions, you are not adorned by the graces of the Holy Spirit. She felt, that however much you may have been influenced and benefited by the Gospel, still, still, you have not taken it into your hearts. She was grieved at your thoughtlessness. She was grieved, that the merest trifle is sufficient to postpone and to set aside the great call of duty to your Redeemer, and that, at times, a feather would seem to turn the scale against the salvation of the soul! She feared for you, and pitied you, more than she condemned you. She longed to see you turn from your ways, because they are

ways of folly, no less than of sin—because they lead you forever from the happiness, for which after all, she knew, though you do not, that you really labor. She knew, better than you do yourselves, your true interests, and she sought them, too, more earnestly, as well as more wisely. She knew, my friends, as you do not, your lost condition, and the certainty—if the change does not come—of your final perdition,—and it would have been a heart of stone in her, if she had not yearned for your deliverance.

But I must break off from all these appeals, and let the dead, for whom I have made them, now speak for herself. I must leave her simple story to do its own office. God has crowded so much into it, that, as I cannot but feel, it will and must come out of itself. And I verily believe, moreover—and I say it with a due examination, both of the sentiment and the language—that if God had granted to us no other knowledge of duty and the way of life than what the case of Miss Smith furnishes, that if

He had given to this audience no other probation than they have had upon these seats, for the last hour, this alone would have been fully sufficient—sufficient to secure the salvation of those who are disposed to receive it, and sufficient to condemn those forever, who will not heed it !

Come, then, my hearers, come to the Savior. It will not be in heaven, it will not be on the earth, that you shall ever regret it. I would rather be as she was, upon her bed of weakness, than as was Bonaparte, in the pride of his power. I would rather die as she died, than live to possess the riches, and wield the sway, of all living monarchs. I should rather have taken her place, on the wings of the angels that bore her from our sight, than stay below for all the good that could be compressed and concentrated from this whole world. Come to her Savior—to your Savior. Come one, come all. Come freely, come quickly. Welcome to the piety, you so much admire, and when the hour shall arrive, welcome to the same trium-

phant and glorious departure. Cast not these gifts away. You have done it—but do it no more. Nor think to separate them—for you cannot have such an exit without such a heart. Or will you, will you make true again, and still, what another has said—

“ Oh let me die her death! ” all Nature cries :

“ Then live her life ! ”—All Nature falters there !

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